

# Force Mercurial

By Michael White



It Seemed as if He Looked Into the Deep Waters of Ages.

**A** MAN OUT West once remarked that when he was handed a Chinese laundry ticket, he felt that he was somehow linked up with a murder. This story has nothing to do with Chinese laundry tickets; but the man out West pretty well expressed the idea that at whatever point you touch the Orient or the Oriental, consciously or unconsciously, you are close to some kind of mystery.

For example, when Lloyd Harrison, formerly instructor of physics at Yale, accepted the position of tutor to the young Raja of Kolhari, he did not imagine the grimly subtle intrigue in which it was involved. Rather, while he sat in the tonga being hauled up the Western Ghats (mountain range) of India, he was in a mood to admire the wild, romantic scenery, and inclined to be indulgent of a people that manifested a simple nature by the use of their bullocks' tails in lieu of driving reins. He regarded his forthcoming residence at Kolhari merely as an interesting and profitable experience.

Kolhari certainly proved of interest. It was the capital of a Marathi native State, perched high in a fastness of the hills, and gathered at the foot of a basalt rock, from the top of which the time scarred battlemented walls frowned defiantly. It was an ideal aery for a freebooter clan, which indeed had been the trade of the Kolharis for centuries before the British came with their absurd ideas of law and order. At least so thought the Kolharis, and they loved not the British in consequence. Fortunately, before that untoward period came, the royal family had stowed away a goodly provision of ill gotten plunder,—treasure chests of gold and jewels securely reposing in some rock hewn vault,—so that they were able to watch and wait for the time when the British Raj would pass away, and then— But that is rather anticipating matters.

As to the citizens of Kolhari, while the men impressed Harrison as a wiry, active, treacherous looking crew, the women, who scorned the veil of the Mohammedan conqueror in other Indian parts, seemed to possess the additional grace of an independent spirit. Very pretty

and picturesque they looked, as with fluttering, bright colored garments they swept laughing and chatting through the main bazaar. But there was also something in their bearing that conveyed the impression that they had not forgotten how their feminine ancestors had fought like tigresses in defense of those ancient battlemented walls.

**H**ARRISON'S first call was on the Prime Minister, a wizened, shriveled up old Brahman, almost concealed by a huge turban, but with eyes keen and piercing enough to suggest several years of scheming ahead. In a thin, cracked voice he welcomed Harrison with a show of much deference, and proceeded to explain somewhat of the situation in Kolhari.

"The Talentship will be pleased to know," informed the Minister, "that the State is at present ruled over by the Rani. Her Highness Phulazadi Bai (Lady Born of a Flower) married the late Raja when he was almost a dead man, in order to prevent succession to the throne falling into the hands of those accursed—the Gifted One will pardon a slip of the tongue. The Mohammedans had drifted into my mind. Never would I speak of the Godsent British Raj in such terms. The late Raja left no children, and, according to our law, his marriage enabled the widow to adopt an heir, and so prolong the succession without interference of strangers. That was by my advice. This her Highness did in the person of the young Baba Kanoji Sahib, the Rani occupying the office of regent during his minority. Of the wisdom of her choice, your Scholarship, as the beloved youth's instructor, will have opportunity to judge. It was by the Rani's desire you were sent for; I am but the shadow of her authority. If the Endowed Talentship pleases, I shall now present him to the young Prince."

The Endowed Talentship, in the person of Harrison, was pleased to assent, and the Minister proceeded to act as guide through one court and hall after another, in seemingly endless succession. Presently an armed retainer striding in advance drew aside a curtain, and the Minister, removing his slippers, motioned Harrison to enter. Harrison found himself in a shaded chamber, bare of furniture except for a richly draped couch throne. On the throne sat cross legged a pale, sickly looking boy. Whether it was from his garments stiff with gold embroidery, or the weight of jewels blazing in his turban, he seemed to be oppressed with an overload of royalty. The usual bearers were grouped obsequiously on each side of the throne, and, squatting on the inlaid stone floor before it, a storyteller was ineffectually trying to hold the young Prince's attention.

At Harrison's entrance the boy looked up, and just the flicker of a smile perhaps indicated pleasure at something new in his monotonous existence. In a piping voice the Minister ran off a long string of names and titles, enough to give the average American boy a nightmare trying to recollect his individuality. The Minister then presented Harrison with an equally long train of compliments, and the ceremony of introduction was over. Harrison walked frankly up to the young Prince, and, through the Minister as interpreter, made an effort to win his royal pupil's confidence.

"I feel sure we shall get along well together," began Harrison.

The Minister mumbled what may or may not have been a translation, and presently returned what probably suited his mind as a fitting response.

"His Highness thanks you for coming, hopes you will enjoy your visit, and that you will carry pleasant recollections of Kolhari back to your own country."

Harrison glanced at the Minister with the idea that the words were intended to bear special significance; but, meeting complete impenetrability on the other's crabbled expression, tried again to reach the young Prince's understanding. Failing as before, he allowed the Minister to do all the talking, which in the end amounted to no more than high flown compliments. Presently the latter whispered in the Prince's ear, the boy nodded gravely, and the Minister spoke.

"His Highness says he has benefited greatly by your conversation, and that you have now his permission to depart."

Harrison departed, feeling that instructing the youthful princely Hindu mind in modern science was likely to prove a difficult task, and well worth the handsome compensation offered; but clearly, before an attempt could be made in that direction, he must dispense with an interpreter by learning the Marathi language. When he explained this to the Minister, the old Brahman professed himself heartily in accord.

"*Wahl Wahl!*" he exclaimed. "That is a good plan. His Highness the young Prince is at present sick, and not fit to draw knowledge from your Scholarship's fountain of wisdom. By and by we will arrange that matter. In the meantime my son, Sivaji Wassudev Bhaskar, shall teach you the Marathi language. You will find him very enlightened, having studied many things at Bombay University. He is for change, therefore we do not always agree; but he is my son, and of great assistance in dealing with those tigers of—with these people in Kolhari. Every man puts a hand to his knife when he sees the tax gatherer. I am a poor man who lives only for the Rani and the young Prince."

**T**HUS Sivaji Wassudev Bhaskar came to sit with Harrison as instructor in the Marathi language. Personally, he bore on his face so plainly the Marathi characteristic of treachery, that Harrison was inclined to be suspicious of his company; but he made such an effort to win the American's confidence that he was at last fairly successful. Beyond this he spoke English with acquired fluency, and interested Harrison in the curious amount of information he had gathered. In this way between lessons they fell to discussions of scientific problems,—electricity, chemistry, and even medicine, which, significantly or otherwise, included the subtler forms of poison. It was in the midst of one of these arguments that Bhaskar gravely asked a question.

"Do you know what it is that troubles my father?"

"I haven't an idea," replied Harrison.

"A mad monkey."

"A what?" ejaculated Harrison in astonishment.

"You may think it very strange and foolish," went on Bhaskar; "but nevertheless it is so that my father is greatly disturbed by a mad monkey. This monkey has for long been regarded as a god, and is protected by the priests of the Temple of Siva; but it has gone mad. Several people have been bitten and died. That is very bad. My father would like to have the monkey killed; but does not dare to do so openly for fear of priests and people. It would be regarded as sacrilege."

"Well, why do you not have the beast poisoned secretly?" asked Harrison.

Bhaskar shook his head. "We dare not take upon ourselves the risk of discovery in a case of such gravity. The priests might suspect poison and make trouble. We should prefer, if possible, that the monkey be killed as if by an act of Siva. How to accomplish this is what gives my father much anxiety."

Harrison leaned back in his chair, thought for awhile, and presently nodded. "Can you obtain easy access to the beast?" he questioned.

"Yes, we who are of Brahman caste can do so whenever we please, to pay our respects and make offerings."

"To a mad monkey?" Harrison raised his eyebrows slightly.

"To the God of the Sivaite Temple, as it is regarded by the people," Bhaskar inclined his head.

"Well," went on Harrison, "I think I see how Siva might claim his mad monkey in a quite surprising fashion. You know the quinine capsules given by our doctors in cases of fever?"

"Yes, I understand perfectly your system of medicine. I studied it at Bombay University."

"Good! Take one of those capsules; fill it with nitrogelatin; insert in the nitrogelatin a cap of fulminate of mercury and metallic sodium; and cover in the usual manner. Shellac the lower part of the capsule up to the rim of the interior cap. Then incite the mad monkey to open his jaws, and toss the capsule down his throat. If he swallows it, I guess Siva will astonish his devout followers in Kolhari with a miracle. You might of course give it to him concealed in a small rice cake or other dry substance; but the main thing is to get him to swallow the capsule whole. If he does so, it would be just as well to give yourself permission to depart."

"Will that destroy the mad monkey suddenly, and without fear of subsequent detection?" asked Bhaskar.

"Very suddenly. I don't believe there would be much of him left to detect."

Bhaskar was profuse with his expressions of gratitude, declaring that his father had spent many sleepless nights in wondering how to destroy the holy monkey without incurring the resentment of priests and people. He always went in fear that if the British heard of the beast, they would order it killed. Then there would be riots, for which the British would hold the Minister responsible. The British were such unreasonable people! Bhaskar concluded by saying that he would order a few of the capsules made according to Harrison's directions by a native house in Bombay, and had no doubt they would soon cease to be troubled by the monkey.

**T**WO weeks went by. Bhaskar had not referred again to the mad monkey; but Harrison was informed that his royal pupil had contracted a fever which would prevent his taking instruction for the present. It was not thought to be serious, and would pass away with the approach of cool weather. In the meantime he was begged to occupy his time as he pleased at the expense of the State. This he did by making satisfactory progress in the study of Marathi.

He was thus sitting late one night in his palace quar-



ters working over an exercise left by Bhaskar, when he was startled by a man's figure appearing suddenly on a balcony opening from his room. As Harrison was not aware of another entrance to the balcony, unless wings had borne the visitor upward from the sheer rise of three hundred feet from the valley below, he was naturally astonished. There was a beautiful view from the balcony, and it was a capital spot on which to smoke an after dinner cheroot; but he did not quite like the idea of strangers turning up, or down, that way, at their own invitation. Therefore he challenged the intruder sharply. The man silently moved into the light of the room, by his uniform proving to be one of the Rani's bodyguard. He laid a finger on his lips to enjoin caution, and spoke in an undertone.

"The Rani wishes to see the American Sahib."

"The Rani?" Harrison questioned.

"Yes, if the Sahib will please to follow, her Highness wishes to see him without delay."

Harrison rose and followed the soldier out on the balcony. He found that a slab in the pavement had been removed, disclosing a narrow flight of steps concealed in the masonry supporting the overhang of the balcony. It was subsequently explained that the exit was designed as a ruse to permit the escape of a pursued person, while those following would naturally suppose death by suicide from the balcony had been preferred to capture. Architects of Indian palaces were always thoughtful in such matters, as the tourist may observe. The soldier led Harrison what seemed to be a long sinuous course through a mere hole in the palace walls, stumbling up and down flights of footworn steps in darkness black as ink. Finally the soldier halted, opened a door, and thrust Harrison out into a blaze of moonlight.

FOR a few moments he stood dazed by the swift change smiting upon his visionary sense. When the scene cleared before him, what he beheld was as a dream of the first watch of morning, both so real and unreal that its mysterious influence lingers with the sleeper on waking. He had been thus unceremoniously ushered into a small garden, though how a garden of any kind came to be fashioned within the battlements of that barren rock fortress might have been a question. In any case his nostrils were filled with the delicious perfume of roses, while his eyes caught the glistening of a thousand liquid jewels clinging to leaf and petal in scintillating dew-drops.

And in the silver stream of moonlight a woman moved toward him, so graceful in form, so ethereal in the shimmering whiteness of her filmy raiment, waving and gem sparkling with every movement, that she seemed like a dream creation, a being not of substance but the mist that floats in such high places. Harrison waited. Presently she drew near and their eyes met. His sank to the ground. A strange feeling fell upon him, a tremor passing through his frame. It was as if he had looked into the deep waters of ages and seen things before unimagined,—the glory of war as of oldtime, the splendor of ancient palaces, the hosts of carnage, plague, and famine, reincarnation after reincarnation amid such ever recurring scenes, all and far more mirrored in that Night Queen's eyes. Presently she spoke, and her voice was of the quality found in the soft rich shade of a fine emerald.

"The Professor Harrison Sahib?"

Harrison came out of his dream to the reality of admiring what a moment before had impressed him with a sensation akin to awe.

"I have sent for you," she said slowly, "to warn you not to stay in Kolhari. This because it was by my desire you came here. I wished the young Prince to receive a modern education; now I see it will be prevented. But I did not think the end sought by Mahadiv the Minister would place your life in danger."

"Why should it be so?" asked Harrison.

"Because Mahadiv fears you may see or hear something that he does not wish the outside world to know."

"All the more reason then why I should stay," promptly rejoined Harrison.

"But you do not understand," she protested quickly. "Though you live in the palace, you have no thought of what goes on inside these walls."

"Perhaps, if I knew more," he ventured, "I could be of assistance to you, and that would be worth some risk, I guess."

She directed upon him a penetrating glance, to appear satisfied with her scrutiny. "Come then, let us walk here," she suggested. "I will explain to you why your life, my life, and that of the young Prince are in danger."

Thus pacing by his side, she told Harrison her version of the situation in Kolhari.

"Listen carefully, Sahib, to what I say; so you may decide upon your own fate. Mahadiv is a very clever and ambitious man. He ruled the late Raja, even as the

late Raja ruled the State. It was he who married me to the late Raja, because he thought I would do his will after the Raja's death. But—*nail nail!*" she cried with vehemence. "That was not in my head. What became of my brothers? I think Mahadiv knows. They stood in his way. That was enough for them and Mahadiv. When Mahadiv does not like people, they go away. You do not hear of them again. But Mahadiv thought that when the old Raja died I would marry his son Bhaskar and appoint him to the throne. *Nail!* When my hand grasped the sword of State, I let Bhaskar see how the blade of it looked. I adopted my nephew, Baba Kanoji Sahib, to the throne. Of his father, only Mahadiv knows. But Mahadiv is a very clever man. He gained the ear of the British, and they would not allow me to depose him from office. So Mahadiv remained Prime Minister, always with the one purpose of how to drive the young Prince and myself from the throne. As the Sahib may know, poison is a good way. I think Mahadiv has tried slow poison,—that is why the young Prince is so sick,—but that is not fast enough for Mahadiv, because I am not easily caught, and before he dies he wishes to see his son on the throne. Therefore, something is going to happen between me, who hold the

Rani directed his thoughts upon that young man. Somehow, his mind began to dwell upon the destruction of the mad monkey, a subject Harrison now recalled that Bhaskar had evaded whenever touched upon. As a rule he took a horseback ride in the morning; so he decided he would halt in passing the temple to investigate. As he drew rein before the grotesquely sculptured portals, a young priest lounging in the vestibule seemed a likely source of information. So, after the usual preliminary compliments, Harrison came to the point.

"I hope his Godship the temple's illustrious monkey is in good health," he remarked.

The young Brahman looked puzzled, fingering the sacred thread wound over his bare shoulder.

"The mad monkey, I mean," added Harrison, "that beast which has been giving the Prime Minister so much trouble."

The young Brahman shook his head. "There are no monkeys in this temple," he replied. "This temple is dedicated to Ganesha the Blessed Elephant."

Harrison gave one searching look at the young Brahman, and then, clapping spurs to his horse, galloped off by the single road climbing to the palace fort, as if a paralyzing thought had suddenly entered his mind. The young Brahman watched Harrison's rapid disappearance in a cloud of dust, as if impressed with the conviction that the Feringee Sahib must have a mad monkey on the brain. Harrison tore up the steep incline, to fling himself from the saddle the moment he reached the main court of the palace. Then he strode toward the house of the Minister, built in the outer wall, and thrust his way in unannounced.

"Where is your master, Bhaskar Sahib," he demanded of a servant.

"His Worship has gone away to another town," the man replied.

Harrison, glancing round, pushed the servant aside and darted into an adjoining room. He had caught sight of Bhaskar endeavoring to retreat. Bhaskar turned to face Harrison with a scowl of resentment.

"I want to know about those nitro-gelatin capsules, and the lie you told me regarding the mad monkey!" he hotly questioned.

"And if it is no affair of yours—" returned Bhaskar, displaying a sneer at the corners of his lips.

"Oh, we'll see about that," cried Harrison, advancing with a threatening gesture. "No you don't!" he shot out his hand to grasp Bhaskar's wrist; for a dagger had suddenly flashed before his eyes. "Give it up," he ordered between set teeth, "or by the—"

Harrison wrenched the dagger from Bhaskar's hand and then took a firm grip of the other's shoulder.

"Now," he said, "no lies, mind, or you will get a prick from your own steel! Did you have those capsules made?"

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"My father has them."

"Where is your father?"

"With the Rani."

"All right, then we'll join the council and have this mad monkey business explained."

In spite of Bhaskar's protests, Harrison dragged the Minister's son out of the house and across the court, followed by an amazed group of servants. With his captive, Harrison plunged into the palace, calling for directions as he passed from hall to gallery, until he reached the young Prince's chamber of audience. He thrust aside the curtain and halted on the threshold of a dramatic scene.

ON the throne was the boy Prince, cowering in terror, while beside him stood the Rani. She was attired

in a shimmering drapery of flaming scarlet, suggesting a figure emblematic of Retributive Justice. In one hand she grasped the jeweled hilt of the sword of State, while the other was raised and extended toward the shriveled form of the Minister, who had apparently dropped to the pavement in fright. With heightened color and quivering nostrils she poured forth a torrent of reproaches. Grouped round were officers and bearers, regarding the scene with silent wonder.

"*Ai, ai!*" cried the Rani. "You, who would have given the Baba Kanoji Sahib one of those new Feringee medicines, shrink from the test of taking the first dose according to our custom! You did not think I was behind the screen and heard you try to persuade the Baba that it was a sweetmeat! But I—I know now that it contains poison!"

"Protector of the Innocent," whined Mahadiv. "It is not I who has done this thing, but the Feringee Pundit Harrison. He it was who suggested this thrice accursed medicine for the Baba Sahib. Let my son be called to bear witness."

"What!" interposed Harrison, striding forward but still maintaining a tight hold on Bhaskar. "You need not send for your son to prove that lie, because he is here!"

He then compelled Bhaskar to admit his pretext of



"Eat, as You Would Have Directed the Baba Sahib!"

sword of State, and Mahadiv, who is full of cunning. If I succeed, that is well; if I fail, then Mahadiv would see to it you did not escape with news of such things to the outer world. In your far off country your friends would hear how Mahadiv grieved over your sad death from cholera. Perceive then, O Sahib, the danger, and choose in time for your own sake."

"Not for mine," he earnestly returned; "but for yours, to give what help I can."

A cry, perhaps a signal, caused her to pause with a suspicious gesture.

"I shall remember," she whispered hurriedly. "Watch Bhaskar carefully, and let me know of his doings. I will send for you again shortly. May no evil wind descend upon you unaware! Farewell!"

He grasped her hand and raised it to his lips. She permitted it to linger for a moment; then, withdrawing it, was gone from his sight. From the shadow of the surrounding wall the soldier appeared urgently beckoning Harrison to retreat from his garden of delight.

NEXT day events moved with rapidity. In the first place, Bhaskar failed to appear for the usual morning lesson, sending the customary oriental excuse of sickness. This in itself might not have been of special significance, had not Harrison's conversation with the



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composition. She was pale, her face was of an olive tint, and it was large, too large for beauty or anything save a certain sense of strength. It was her eyes, however, that exercised the fascination. They were slightly slanted, exceptionally wide apart, and of the palest, ice blue color imaginable.

Fixed upon Thurley's face with singular intensity, these eyes became for a moment the only visible objects presented to the girl in all the theater of color and motion. They were baleful, poisonous seeming eyes, penetrative and disturbingly insistent in their stare. All their concentrated power appeared to be centered on the girl, who felt herself swiftly losing her sense of joy and partaking of coldness of the nerves.

By an effort Thurley wrenched her own honest gaze from the woman's and smiled up at Stuyverant, standing at Alice's side. In the grateful light he gave her from his warm gray eyes she felt new security, a comradeship that somehow took her instantly back to that day in the park when a fall broke his wrist and placed him for a little in her care.

To be continued next Sunday

## Romance

Continued from page 7

you? Oh, you needn't answer that, Dear; for now I guess—I really do! Oh, how sweet, how perfectly sweet! Yes, and that was the way he felt all the time. Hum—I see! And you felt—Exactly. And he felt—Exactly. And neither of you thought—Yes, yes! Well, I do think it is the most romantic thing, the whole of it!

You must let me congratulate you, darling girl. He is just about the dearest fellow I know!

No, of course, as you say, no one dreams of such a thing. Oh, yes, indeed, it is so much dearer and sweeter to keep it just to yourselves for a little while. No, no, I wouldn't tell them a thing they don't know. I wouldn't breathe a word to anyone!

Do you think you had better go up and do your hair over again before lunch? Well, it is rather tumbled. And perhaps you had better rub your cheek, the left one, a little with a towel. Well, the other seems a little red. Of course you wouldn't want anyone to suspect. Yes. Oh dear, dear child, come right to me for a moment! I do hope you'll be happy! Married life means—it means—Oh, nobody can help you with that road, inexperienced children as you are!

## Force Mercurial

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the mad monkey in order to obtain knowledge of the capsules.

"Bus! Enough!" the Rani waved her hand decisively, before the nature of the capsules had been explained. "I have listened to all that need be said. With me rests power of life and death. That is admitted by everyone, even the British Raj."

She moved quickly upon the Minister, and with her foot swept toward him three or four capsules which had fallen from his grasp.

"Eat!" she commanded, looking down on him. "Eat, as you would have directed the Baba Sahib! Then we shall know the truth of this matter, whether there be poison in the medicine or not."

"Poison!" gasped Harrison. "Great Heavens, not poison!"

Over him swept a realization of the thing that would take place if Mahadiv swallowed one of the capsules. Directly the gastric juices dissolved the top of the capsule they would ignite the fulminate of mercury, which would in turn explode the nitrogelatin. Apart from the danger to others than the victim, the resulting scene was a horrifying one to conjecture.

"Not poison?" repeated the Rani in some bewilderment. "Then why does Mahadiv shrink from it? I do not understand, but will soon discover. Eat!" she again commanded the Minister. "Lo! have I not spoken?"

Mahadiv raised an imploring terror drawn face to the Rani, as his trembling hand perforce sought one of the capsules.

"For a hundred reputed crimes let this thing be the test!" passed from the Rani's lips like the fall of a sentence.

Mahadiv's fingers had barely touched one of the capsules, when Harrison sprang forward and bending down swept them all into his grasp. He rose to confront the Rani's flashing eyes.

"Pardon," he bowed an apology, "but your Highness did not wait to hear the composition of these capsules. They contain a high explosive which would place your own

You have to make it for yourselves. We make so little of it, even we who know! I wish—I wish—May you always see love ahead of you, Dear! Now go.

AS Hilda slips out the door, Mrs. Cox gives a long sigh.

Well, so they're engaged at last, and all the romance, as far as we're concerned, is over. I hope it has only just begun for them.

## Centenarians Two

Continued from page 4

titute, what had been his practice, as to that? Well, he had never walked anywhere that he could make by riding. Didn't like walking; that was all of that. He had never even been a man to pace the deck of his ship; had always found his cabin more agreeable. And yet he was as hard as lignum vitae, in a way of speaking. I noticed this when, after a lot of urging on the part of his descendants grouped around, he bared his two arms to show me some beautifully tattooed pieces, Japanese work in four colors, pricked thereon. His arms, as white as a girl's where the tattoo marks were not, were corded and veined like a blacksmith's, and the biceps were solid lumps of iron.

Up to his hundredth year he had visited New York, where one of his grandsons lived, about three times a month, making his way about the New York streets without trouble, and often attending the theater, which he loved. But the advent of the automobile had made him wary. "I want to live out my years," he expressed it; and so he had stopped visiting the automobile cluttered city. "I am getting on a bit, anyhow," he said, his eyes a twinkle, "and New York is no place for a man approaching middle age to live."

He had been married five times, and there had been children by each marriage. His first wife had voyaged the Seven Seas with him in his ship for many years and had died at sea. There was moisture about his eyes as he spoke about that one—"Lass," he called her, although she had died nearly seventy years before!

AND so I came away, mulling over the quaint, not to say naive, details of Recipe No. 2 for the attainment of the age of a hundred. And this time I felt that, providing I could stand the pace,—which I knew I couldn't,—I shouldn't mind living to be a hundred.

person in danger. Though great may be Mahadiv's attempted crime, I feel sure you would not knowingly execute justice in such fashion on any man. Cruelty is not in your Highness' nature."

The look of resentment brought forth by his action gradually passed from her face. She inclined her head slightly as she spoke with gentleness. "Truly, that is well said, O Feringee Pundit."

Then, glancing downward, she pointed to the Minister, who had toppled over and lay motionless at her feet. "See!" she drew the bearers' attention. "Mahadiv looks as if he had perished from fright. Carry him away and let me see him no more. If he lives, the Feringee Sahib will bear witness before the British Raj of Mahadiv's true character. Let them deal with him according to their law. They will believe one of their own kind, in the Feringee Pundit."

When the Feringee Pundit was again summoned to the Rani's garden, it was to be confirmed in other things than his tutorship of the young Prince.

## Smallest Foot in Spain

NEWSPAPERS of neither America nor Great Britain have a monopoly on symposia and contests. The Madrid weekly "Blanco y Negro" (white and black) completed this year a competition to discover the Spanish woman owning the smallest foot in the Kingdom. The rules of the contest were:

(1) Each contestant shall send an outline of her foot, traced on a sheet of white paper, accompanied by her name and address, and her height. (2) In order to make the contest as nearly fair as possible, no lady is entitled to compete whose height is less than fifty-nine inches. (3) The prize will be awarded to the owner of the smallest foot. In case of equality of size, it will be given to the foot best proportioned. (4) The prize will consist of six pairs of shoes, to be selected by the winner of the contest.